

PR

3315

A5C6

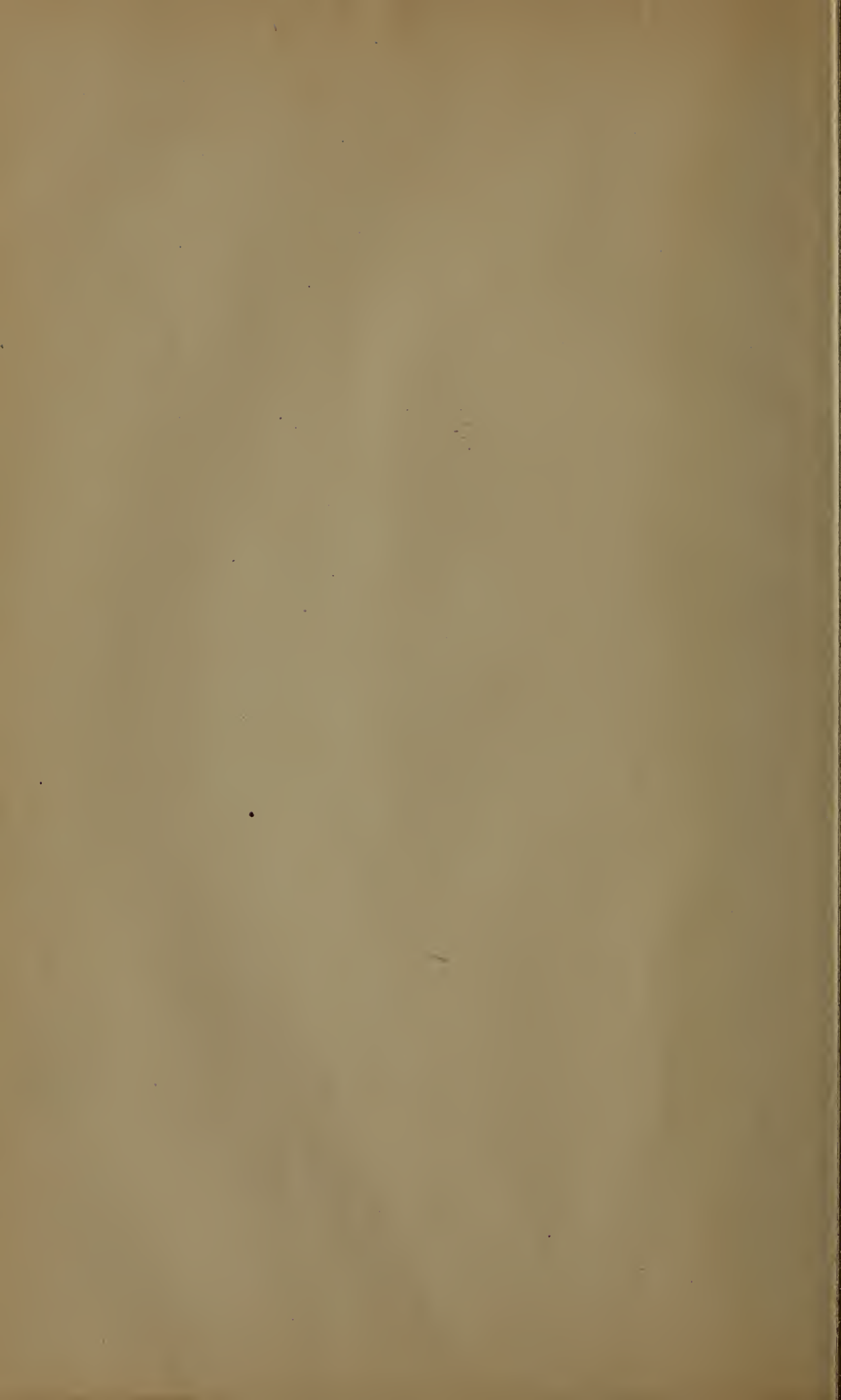
1869



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. PR 3315
Shelf .AEC6
1869
PRESENTED BY

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



Library of Congress

from Robt. L. R. R.

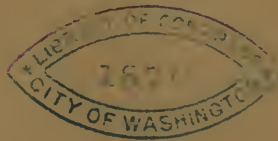
Cincinnati



THE
COW CHACE:

BY
MAJOR ANDRÉ.

33



✓
CINCINNATI:
ROBERT CLARKE & CO.
1869.

PR 3315
.A5 C6
1869

EDITION.

125 copies small paper, - - - - No.

25 copies for Libraries and Editors, - - No. 15.

25 copies large paper, - - - - No.

OHIO VALLEY PRESS,
ROBERT CLARKE & CO.
CINCINNATI, O.

THE
COW CHACE:

AN

HEROICK POEM, IN THREE CANTOS.

Written at New York, 1780,

By the late MAJOR ANDRÉ,

With EXPLANATORY NOTES, by the EDITOR.



“THE MAN WHO FIGHTS AND RUNS AWAY,
“MAY LIVE TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY,”
SAID BUTLER IN HIS DEATHLESS LAY:

}

“BUT HE WHO IS IN BATTLE SLAIN,
“CAN NEVER RISE TO FIGHT AGAIN;”
AS WISELY THOUGHT GOOD GENERAL WAYNE.

}

L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN FIELDING, No. 23 Pater-Noster-Row, 1781.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Poem was written by the late gallant MAJOR ANDRÉ, who was condemned to die *for doing his duty* to his King and Country, by a set of miscreants, calling themselves “*general officers*” in the American *rebellion*; all of whom were a thousand times more deserving of death for their *crimes*, with the inhuman *Washington* at their head, by whose authority their sentence was put into execution, and who has, by his own personal orders, caused more than
fifteen

fifteen hundred British subjects to be executed since he became a *traitor*, for the bare profession of *loyalty*, and because they would not add, as *he* had done, *perjury* and *treason* to *cruelty* and *rapine*. Yet are there even *Britons* so lost to shame, and so dead to humanity, as to applaud his conduct.

PREFACE.

PREFACE.

THE Poem is founded on the defeat of the Rebel Generals Wayne, Irving, and Procter, by a small body of Refugees, as stated in the following Gazettes. The principal subject is the taking and retaking of the Cattle; that part of the story affording the best opportunity for humour.

The last stanza must awaken the sensibility of the Reader. It seems to have been prophetic of the disastrous fate of the accomplished Author. The Poem was printed in separate Cantos at New York; the last Canto on the very day the Major was taken prisoner.

From

From the LONDON GAZETTE.

(PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY.)

*Extract of a letter from Sir HENRY CLINTON
to Lord GEORGE GERMAIN, dated East
Hampton, Suffolk County, Long Island, August 20,
1780.*

I HAVE the satisfaction of communicating to your Lordship, an instance of courage, which reflects the greatest honour on a small body of the Refugees.

About *seventy* of them had taken post on a part of the opposite shore on the North River, called Bull's Ferry, where they had fortified themselves with a Block-house and Stockade, to be protected in cutting wood, the labour they were employed in for their maintenance.

A corps of near *two thousand* Rebels, under their Generals Wayne, Irving, and Procter, with seven pieces of cannon, made an attack upon them on the 21st ult. Notwithstanding a cannonade of three hours, almost every shot of which penetrated through the Block-house, and

an

an attempt to carry the place by assault, they were repulsed by these *brave men*, with the loss of a great many killed and wounded. The exertions of the Refugees did not cease: after having resisted so great a force, they followed the enemy, seized their stragglers, and *rescued from them the cattle they were driving from the neighbouring district.*

The Block-house, which I visited, was pierced with fifty-two shot in one face only, and the two small guns that were in it, were dismounted. Six of the Refugees were killed, and fifteen wounded,—the far greater part in the Block-house.

NEW YORK GAZETTE, December 13th.

Head Quarters, Dec. 11, 1780.

SIR,

I Have the pleasure of sending you, by the direction of his Excellency the Commander in Chief, the inclosed extract of a letter, which he has received by the last packet, from Lord George Germain, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries

Secretaries of State, and which he is happy to communicate to you, by the first opportunity.

I am Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

FRED. MACKENZIE, D. A. General.

Captain Ward, Loyal Refugees.

*Extract of a Letter from Lord George Germain, to
his Excellency Sir Henry Clinton, dated*

October 4, 1780.

“The very extraordinary instance of courage, shewn by the Loyal Refugees, in an affair at Bull’s Ferry, of which you make such honourable mention, is a pleasing proof of the spirit and resolution with which men, in their circumstances, will act against their oppressors; and how great advantages the King’s troops may derive from employing those of approved fidelity. And his Majesty, to encourage such exertions, commands me to desire you will acquaint the survivors of the brave SEVENTY, that their intrepid behaviour is approved of by their Sovereign.”

THE

THE
COW CHACE.

CANTO I.

TO drive the Kine, one fummer's morn,
The Tanner * took his way,—
The Calf fhall rue that is unborn
The jumbling of that day.

And Wayne defcending, Steers fhall know,
And tauntingly deride,
And call to mind, in ev'ry *low*,
The tanning of *his* hide

Yet

* General Wayne's LEGAL occupation.

Yet * Bergen Cows still ruminate
Unconscious in the stall,
What mighty means were used to get,
And lose them after all.

For many heroes bold and brave,
From * New-Bridge and * Tapaan,
And those that drink Passaic's † wave,
And those that eat Soupaunt‡.

And Sons of distant Delaware,
And still remoter Shannon,—
And Major Lee with horses rare,
And Procter with his cannon.

All wond'rous proud in arms they came—
What Hero could refuse
To tread the rugged path to Fame,
Who had a pair of shoes?—

At

* Villages in New Jersey. † A river of New Jersey.

‡ Hafty Pudding, made of the meal of Indian Corn, or
Maize.

At *fix* the Host with fweating buff,
Arriv'd at Freedom's Pole,*
When Wayne, who thought he'd time enough,
Thus speechified the whole:

“ O ye whom glory doth unite,
“ Who freedom's cause espouse,
“ Whether the wing that's doomed to fight,
“ Or that to *drive the Cows*:

“ 'Ere yet you tempt your farther way,
“ Or into action come,
“ Hear, Soldiers, what I have to say,
“ And take—a pint of Rum.

Intem-

* A long tree stuck in the ground, which the American Rebels assemble at on all trying occasions, and to which they pay their most divine adorations, as to a present Deity.

“ Intemp’rate valour then will string

“ Each nervous arm the better ;

“ So all the land shall IO sing,

“ And read the General’s letter.

“ Know that some paltry Refugees,

“ Whom I’ve a mind to fright,

“ Are playing hell amongst the trees

“ That grow on yonder height.

“ Their Fort and Block House we will level,

“ And deal a horrid slaughter,

“ We’ll drive the Scoundrels to the Devil,

“ And ravish wife and daughter.

“ I, under cover of th’ attack,

“ Whilst you are all at blows,

“ From * English-Neighbourhood and * Tinack

“ Will *drive away* the *Cows*.

“ For

* Villages in New Jersey.

“ For well you know the latter is
“ The serious operation ;
“ And fighting with the Refugees
“ Is only recreation.”—

His daring words from all the crowd
Such great applause did gain,
That ev’ry man declar’d aloud
For *serious work* with Wayne.

Then from the cask of Rum once more,
They took a heady jill,
When one and all they loudly swore
They’d fight upon the Hill.—

But here—the Muse has not a strain
Befitting such great deeds;
Huzza they cried, huzza for Wayne,
And shouting—did their Needs.

CANTO

CANTO II.

N EAR his meridian pomp the Sun
Had journeyed from the horizon,
When fierce the dusky tribe mov'd on
Of Heroes—drunk as poison.

The sounds confus'd of boasting Oaths,
Re-echo'd thro' the Wood;
Some vowed to sleep in dead men's Cloaths,
And some to—swim in blood.

At

At Irving's Nod 'twas fine to fee
The *left* prepare to fight,
The while the Drovers, Wayne and Lee,
Drew off upon the *right*.

Which Irving 'twas, Fame don't relate,
Nor can the Muse assist her,
Whether 'twas he that cocks a Hat,
Or he that gives a Glisten.

For greatly one was signaliz'd
That fought at Chestnut Hill.
And Canada immortaliz'd
The Vender of the Pill.

Yet their attendance upon Procter,
They both might have to boast of;
For there was business for the Doctor,
And hats to be dispos'd of.

Let

Let none uncandidly infer
That Stirling wanted spunk ;
The self-made Peer had fure been there,
But that the Peer—was drunk.—

But turn we to the Hudson's Banks,
Where stood the modest train,
With purpose firm, tho' slender ranks,
Nor car'd a pin for Wayne.

For them the unrelenting hand
Of rebel fury drove,
And tore from every genial band
Of friendship and of love.

And some within a dungeon's gloom,
By mock Tribunals laid,
Had waited long a cruel doom
Impending o'er their head.

Here

Here, one bewails a brother's fate,
There, one a Sire demands,
Cut off, alas ! before their date,
By ignominious hands.

And filver'd grandfires here appear'd,
In deep distrefs ferene,
Of reverend manners, that declar'd,
That better days they'd seen.—

Oh curs'd rebellion, these are thine,
Thine all these tales of woe,—
Shall at thy dire insatiate shrine
Blood never cease to flow !

And now the Foe began to lead
His forces to th' attack ;
Balls whistling unto balls succeed,
And made the Block-house crack.

No

No shot could pass, if you will take
The Gen'ral's word for true*;
But 'tis a d——ble mistake,
For ev'ry shot went thro',—

The firmer as the Rebels press'd,
The loyal Heroes stand;
Virtue had nerv'd each honest breast,
And industry each hand.

“ In

* So Washington wrote to the Congress;—a body of men at first of some reputation, but now consisting only of bankrupts and knaves,—always excepting the renowned JOHNNY WITHERSPOON, who is perfectly adapted to his situation. Concerning whom it may be useful to observe, that it has not yet been settled which of the three he is most fond of,—Herefy, Sedition, or Strong Toddy. Perhaps he may be best suited by the Bath Motto, TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO.

“ In * valour’s phrenzy, Hamilton

“ Rode like a Soldier big,

“ And Secretary Harrifon,

“ With Pen stuck in his Wig.

“ But left their Chieftain Washington

“ Should mourn them in the Mumps†,

“ The fate of Withrington to shun,

“ They fought *behind* the stumps.”

But ah, Thadæus Poffet, why

Should thy poor soul elope !

And why should Titus Hooper die,

Ah die—without a rope !

Apostate

* Vide Lee’s Trial.

† A disorder prevalent in the Rebel Camp. “The merit
of these lines, which is doubtless very great, can only be
felt by true Connoisseurs, conversant in antient song.”

Apostate Murphy, thou to whom
Fair Shela ne'er was cruel,
In death shalt bear her mourn thy doom,
“ Ah ! wou'd you die my jewel ? ”

Thee, Nathan Pumpkin, I lament,
Of melancholy fate,—
The Grey Goose, stolen as he went,
In his heart's blood was wet.—

Now as the fight was further fought,
And balls began to thicken,
The fray assum'd, the Gen'als thought,
The colour of a licking.

Yet undismay'd, the Chiefs command,
And to redeem the day,
Cry, *Soldiers, charge!*—they hear, they stand,
They turn,—and run away.

CANTO

CANTO III.

NOT all delights the bloody spear
Or horrid din of battle,
There are, I'm fure, who'd like to hear
A word about the Cattle.

The Chief whom we beheld of late,
Near Schralenburgh haranguing,
At Yan Van Poop's*, unconscious fate
Of Irving's hearty banging;

Whilst

* Who kept a dram shop.

Whilst valiant Lee, with courage wild,
Most bravely did oppose
The tears of woman and of child,
Who begg'd he'd—leave the Cows.

But Wayne, of sympathizing heart,
Required a relief,
Not all the blessings could impart
Of battle or of beef,

For now a prey to female charms,
His soul took more delight in
A lovely* Hamadryad's arms,
Than driving Cows or fighting.

A nymph,

* A Deity of the Woods.

A nymph, the Refugees had drove
Far from her native tree,
Just happen'd to be on the move,
When up came Wayne and Lee.

She in mad * Anthony's fierce eye
The hero saw pourtray'd,
And all in tears she took him by
—The bridle of his Jade†.

“Hear, said the Nymph, O great Commander,
“No *human* lamentations;
“The trees you see them cutting yonder
“Are all my near relations;
“And

* Anthony Wayne, the great General.

† A New-England name for a horse, mare, or gelding.

“And I, forlorn, implore thine aid

“To free the sacred grove;

“So shall thy prowess be repaid

“With an immortal’s love.”—

Now come, to prove she was a goddess,

Said this enchanting fair

Had late retired from the *Bodies**,

In all the pomp of war;

That drums and merry fifes had play’d

To honour her retreat,

And Cunningham † himself convey’d

The lady thro’ the street.

Great

* A cant appellation given amongst the soldiery to the corps that had the honour to guard his Majesty’s Person.

† Provost Marshal of New York, who attended the drumming her out of the regiment and city.

Great Wayne, by soft compassion fway'd,
To no enquiry stoops ;
But takes the fair afflicted maid
Right into Yan Van Poop's.

So Roman Anthony, they fay,
Disgrac'd th' imperial banner,
And for a gipsy * lost a day,
Like Anthony the Tanner.—

The Hamadryad had but half
Receiv'd redress from Wayne,
When drums and colours, cow and calf,
Came down the road amain.

All

* Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt.

All in a cloud of duſt were ſeen
The ſheep, the horſe, the goat,
The gentle heifer, aſs obſcene,
The yearling, and the ſhoat.

And pack-horſes with fowls came by,
Befeather'd on each ſide,
Like Pegafus, the horſe that I
And other Poets ride.—

Sublime upon his ſtirrups roſe
The mighty Lee behind,
And drove the terror-smitten Cows
Like chaff before the wind.

But ſudden ſee the woods above.
Pour down another corps,
All helter ſkelter in a drove,
Like that I ſung before.

Irving

Irving and Terror in the van,
Came flying all abroad,
And cannon, colours, horse, and man,
Ran tumbling to the road.

Still as he fled, 'twas Irving's cry,
And his example, too,—
“Run on, my merry men all—For why,
“The shot* will not go thro'.”

As when two kennels in the street,
Swell'd with a recent rain,
In gushing streams together meet,
And seek the neighbouring drain;

So

* Five Refugees ('tis true) were found
Stiff on the Block-house floor,
But then 'tis thought the shot went round,
And in at the back door.

So met these dung-born Tribes in one,
As fwift in their career ;
And fo to Newbridge they ran on,—
But all the Cows got clear.—

Poor Parfon Caldwell, all in wonder,
Saw the returning train,
And mourn'd to Wayne the lack of plunder,
For them to fteal again.

For 'twas his right to feize the fpoil, and
To fhare with each Commander,
As he had done at Staten Ifland,
With froft-bit Alexander*.

In

* Calling himfelf, becaufe he was ordered NOT to do it, Earl of Stirling, though no Sterling Earl.

In his dismay the frantic Priest*
Began to grow prophetic,
You'd swore, to see his lab'ring breast,
He'd taken an emetic.

"I view a future day," said he,
"Brighter than this day dark is,
"And you shall see what you shall see,—
"Ha! ha! one pretty Marquis†.

"And he shall come to Paulus Hook‡,
"And great achievements *think* on;
"And make a bow, and take a look,
"Like Satan over Lincoln.

And

* Caldwell, a Dissenting Minister at Elizabeth Town, appointed Quarter Master General to the Rebel army, and afterwards dismissed for embezzlement.

† Marquis de la Fayette, a French coxcomb, in the Rebel service.

‡ A small head-land in Hudson's River, opposite to New York.

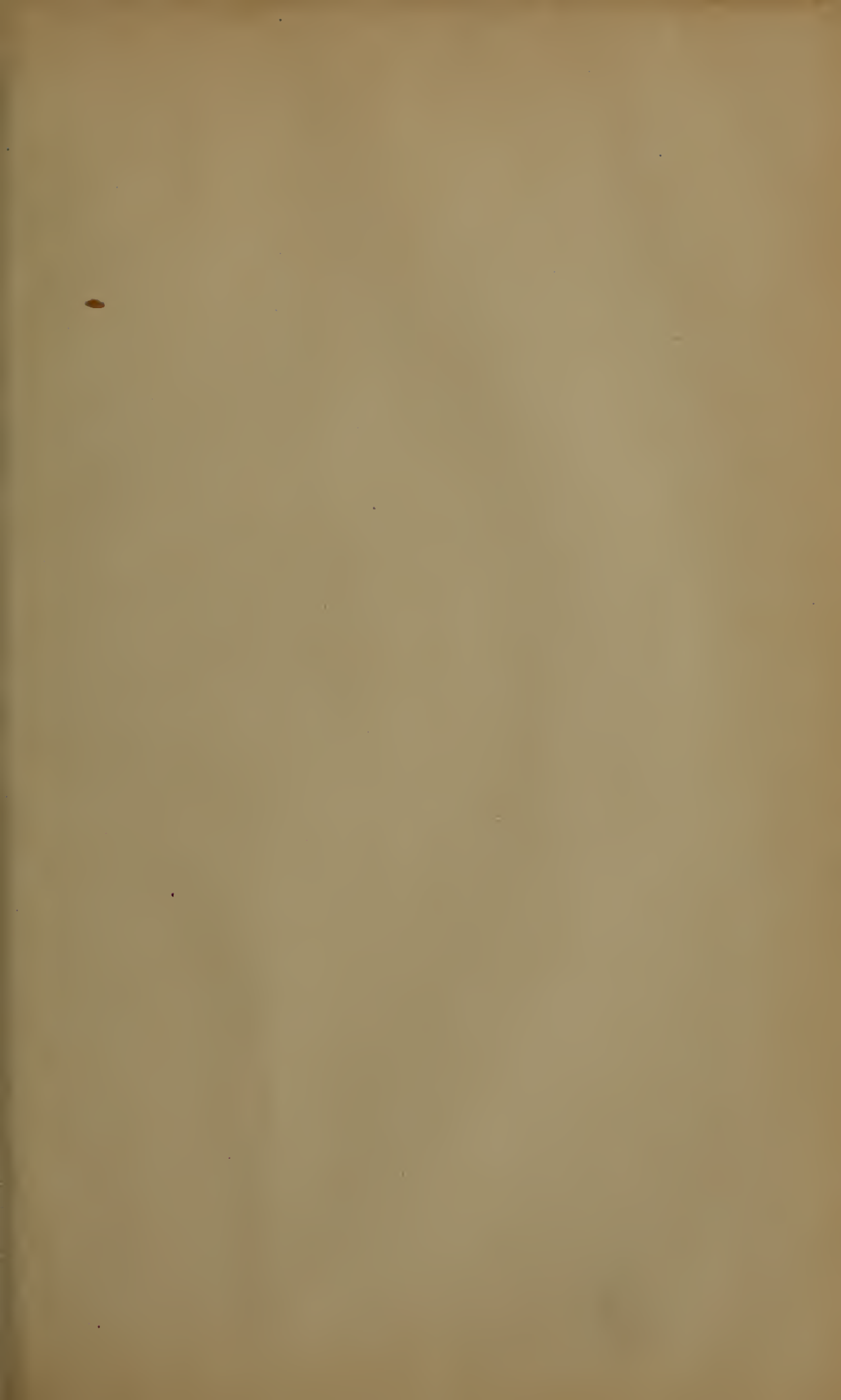
“And all the land around shall glory
 “To see the Frenchmen caper ;
“And pretty Susan tell the story
 “In the next Chatham paper.”—

This solemn prophecy, of course,
 Gave all much consolation,
Except to Wayne, who lost his horse
 Upon the *great* occasion ;

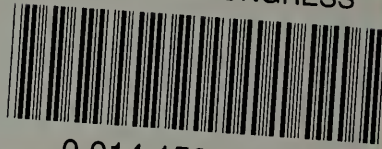
His horse that carried all his prog,
 His military speeches,
His corn-stalk whisky for his grog,
 Blue stockings, and brown breeches.—

And now I’ve clos’d my epic strain,
 I tremble as I show it,
Left this fame warrio-drover, Wayne,
 Should ever catch the poet.

T H E E N D .



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 158 664 6

